signum CLASSICS

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

The Queen's Six

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

1	**Dance to your daddy**	North-East England, arr. Timothy Byram-Wigfield	[2.10]
2	**The last rose of summer**	Ireland, arr. Alexander L'Estrange	[3.57]
3	**Oh, my love is like a red, red rose**	Scotland, arr. Jim Clements	[3.35]
4	**Bushes and briars**	England, arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams	[3.00]
5	**Down by the Salley Gardens**	Ireland, arr. Tim Carleston	[3.29]
6	**Danny boy**	Ireland, arr. Alexander L'Estrange	[3.45]
7	**Dashing away with the smoothing iron**	Somerset, England, arr. John Byrt	[2.33]
8	**The turtle dove**	England, arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams	[3.16]
9	**The lark in the clear air**	Ireland, arr. Stephen Carleston	[2.10]
10	**The raggle taggle gypsies**	Scotland, arr. Daniel Brittain	[2.36]
11	**My sweetheart's like Venus**	Wales, arr. Gustav Holst	[1.56]
12	**Annie Laurie**	Scotland, arr. Ruairi Bowen	[4.22]
13	**Early one morning**	England, arr. Alexander L'Estrange	[3.13]
14	**Brigg fair**	North Linclonshire, England, arr. Percy Grainger	[3.17]
15	**Scarborough fair**	North-East England, arr. Keith Roberts	[3.17]
16	**What shall we do with the drunken sailor?**	Ireland/England, arr. Ruairi Bowen	[1.55]
17	**My Lagan love**	Northern Donegal, Ireland, arr. Paul Drayton	[3.49]
18	**Bobby Shaftoe**	Ireland/North-East England, arr. Stephen Carleston	[2.52]
19	**O waly waly**	Scotland, arr. Richard Bannan	[3.23]
20	**The water of Tyne**	North-East England, arr. Andrew Plant	[3.33]
21	**Suo gân**	Wales, arr. Ruairi Bowen	[5.06]
22	**Land of my fathers**	Wales, arr. David Manners	[5.36]
	Total timings:		[72.50]

THE QUEEN'S SIX

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THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

Folksongs from the British Isles

On 4th December 1903, Ralph Vaughan Williams was a slightly reluctant attendee of a tea-party given by the vicar of Ingrave, Essex, where he hoped to meet a few villagers who might know some songs. What occurred was little short of a Damascene conversion: Charles Potiphar, a 70-year-old shepherd and labourer, sang the haunting Aeolian melody of ***Bushes and briars*** 4, with the casual remark, 'If you can get the words, the Almighty will send you the tune.' Vaughan Williams noted only the first verse, later completing the text from a broadside; yet so profound was the encounter that he felt the melody was something he had known all his life. Following further collecting in East Anglia, the contours of these new discoveries immediately influenced his symphonic impression *In the Fen Country* of 1904, and remained an integral part of his musical language.

There were, of course, others who respected Vaughan Williams' approach, while also viewing folk music as a rather tiresome straitjacket on the development of a full national style of composition: hence the oft-quoted aphorism by his pupil Constant Lambert that there was little left to do after playing a folksong other than playing it again louder. However, Lambert also acknowledged that 'the best examples represent in embryo, as it were, the balance between emotional and formal content that has been struck by the greatest symphonists.' Consequently — and especially since current educational policies have greatly impoverished the nation's musical knowledge — the early specialists deserve unstinting praise, especially Cecil Sharp, who secured nearly 5000 tunes for posterity.

Both Vaughan Williams and Percy Grainger recognised the practical challenges of collecting, particularly the difficulties of preserving the spontaneous inflections and adaptions inherent in an oral tradition, as well as the restrictions of standard notation in recording them. They therefore employed a phonograph to capture singers in full flight, and this technology became particularly essential for Grainger, whose scholarly punctiliousness in detailing his methodology was exemplary: 216 wax cylinders remain as testament to his initial pursuits in Lincolnshire in 1906 and 1908. Grainger took down ***Brigg fair*** 14 in Brigg itself on 11th April 1905 from Joseph Taylor, a farm

bailiff from Saxby All Saints, who was brought to London three years later at the age of 75 to make the seminal recording for the Gramophone Company. His light tenor voice and flexible rendition inspired Grainger's five-part arrangement of January 1906, first performed in Brigg a few months later with Gervase Elwes as soloist; although the composer had been obliged to purloin three verses from other sources, as Taylor and his colleague knew only the first two stanzas. Delius quickly obtained Grainger's permission to use the melody himself, dedicating his titular orchestral rhapsody to him in 1907. In May of that same year, Vaughan Williams recorded David Penfold, landlord of The Plough Inn at Rusper, Sussex, singing ***The turtle dove*** 8. The tune of heart-melting loveliness amply matches the lover's passionate declarations of constancy, words that are related to Burns' verses from 1794, ***My love is like a red, red rose*** 3. This is itself based on an earlier text from obscure sources and was formerly sung to at least two other airs, but is now firmly associated with *Low down in the broom:* its earliest recording was made in Glasgow in 1899, sung by Robert Black.

The raggle taggle gypsies 10, one of the most prevalent Border ballads, appears under many titles, including *Black Jack Davy*; the protagonists are variously wraggle-taggle, draggletail, or simply jolly all in a row. Sharp collected versions at the turn of the century from Devon, Somerset and Oxfordshire, while Vaughan Williams recorded it in Herefordshire, but it had already been noted by Burns almost 100 years earlier. Daniel Brittain's atmospheric retelling of the ballad treats it almost cinematically, employing many felicities of scoring to drive the action. The romance of ***Annie Laurie*** 12 did in fact make a fine scenario for a substantial silent film by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (1927): she was born in 1682, the youngest daughter of Robert Laurie, who became the first baronet of Maxwelton three years later. The first verse was written around 1700 by William Douglas of Fingland, the rest is of later date. It was adapted by Lady John Scott, the composer of the glorious melody, which may be dated to 1834. In his *Brother to the Ox* (1940), the farm labourer Fred Kitchen recalled hearing a memorable account of the song, accompanied by concertina, melodeon, mouth organ and tin whistle, at a hiring fair on Martlemas (St Martin's Day, 11 November)

in about 1905, just when Vaughan Williams and Grainger were beginning their invaluable fieldwork.

Scarborough Fair 15 also appears as *The Cambric Shirt*, since it is the making of the garment from a tiny piece of linen that is the central factor in the ballad's many forms: as the folklorists Iona and Peter Opie pointed out, this task can be traced to the Middle Ages, while a relative of the lines first appears as *The Elfin Knight* on a broadsheet from c.1670. The incantatory refrain is probably part of a longer list of plants possessing magical properties to assist resolution of otherwise impossible errands, although further transmutations scrambled it to 'Every rose grows merry in time'. Some of the labours were incorporated into the 19th-century nursery song *My father left me three acres of land*, thus producing a tale of incredible accomplishments but shorn of riddle and mystery. The tune with which it is now most closely associated is quite unlike the long-abandoned melody collected by Sharp, and appears to be of comparatively recent origin, possibly collected in part from a Scottish miner by Ewan MacColl around 1950. It was popularised extensively by Simon & Garfunkel (who learned it directly from Martin Carthy), counterpointed with an anti-war lyric by Simon: although this later text is quite unrelated to the story, despite the inclusion of such generic imagery as 'deep forest green' and 'scarlet battalions'.

Also in debt to the media for its propagation is ***Dance to your daddy*** 1, sung characterfully by Alex Glasgow in David Fanshawe's genial theme for the 1976 BBC serial *When The Boat Comes In.* Tim Byram-Wigfield's syncopated arrangement is equally good-humoured, building to an intoxicated climax. New verses were added at the end of the 19th century but the core of the song appears to be the work of a certain William Watson in 1826. When this was first published in 1848, the melody was given as *The little fishy*, which may itself be traced to at least 1842, so clearly both tune and words have long been inseparable. William Gillies Whittaker, Newcastle-born and a close colleague of Vaughan Williams and Gustav Holst, made a choral setting of ***The water of Tyne*** 20, remarking: 'the fragrant beauty of the verses, mated to a tune of exquisite loveliness, shows that Northumberland just missed possessing its Burns'. Andrew Plant's arrangement evokes the perpetual flowing of the river, gathering in intensity until

it is blended with another song on a similar watery theme, ***O waly waly*** 19. This was collected by Sharp in Somerset in 1916, who noted five variants, but words and music have now coalesced into perhaps the most beautiful of all folksongs. Richard Bannan's luminous setting blossoms with a magical key-change at the climax before sinking to quietude. Both *The Water of Tyne* and ***Bobby Shaftoe*** 18 were published in 1812 by John Bell (sometime librarian to the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle upon Tyne): the latter title was certainly familiar in 1760, having been annexed by Robert Shafto of County Durham for his successful parliamentary canvassing that year, but the customary lines begin halfway through the story. The boy has already received rebuffs to three marriage proposals, and gone to sea in despair, whereupon his intended strikes up the confident affirmation that he will return to marry her after all. This might be thought oddly optimistic, unless we are missing an episode, but it appears from Stephen Carleston's resourceful arrangement that she whiled away the hours by writing a fugue.

The air *Groves of Blarney* was transcribed by Edward Bunting in 1792, and its publication inspired Thomas Moore's poem ***The last rose of summer*** 2, to which it is now indissolubly wedded. Charles Villiers Stanford considered that the tune had suffered grievously in the process and did his best to make amends, but complained that it was now 'so well-known in its corrupt version that it is hopeless to restore it completely.' It has nonetheless proved exceptionally popular: Beethoven made two arrangements of the melody, which was also transformed into a fantasia for piano by Mendelssohn, shoehorned into Flotow's opera Martha as a showpiece, and adapted by several 20th-century composers. ***The lark in the clear air*** 9 may be sourced to 1879, when the Swedish harpist Adolf Sjödén visited Sir Samuel Ferguson in Ireland, seeking new melodies: Ferguson's wife sang him a tune called The Tailor that she had learned but which had not apparently been noted before, and Sjödén requested that Ferguson write a poem to fit it. The result was taken down from the singing of Lady Ferguson and published in 1895; Vaughan Williams and Phyllis Tate both made memorable settings. The English words of ***My Lagan love*** 17, attributed to Joseph Campbell, are so evocative that one can almost smell the peat (it is a pity that Roger Quilter only set examples

of his poorest work), and contain elements of the faery lover, a prevalent theme in folklore. They are set to an air collected in Donegal in 1903 by his colleague Herbert Hughes, but which appears to date from at least the 19th century. The song reached many shores through John McCormack's 1910 recording, and was also disseminated by Margaret Barry, a charismatic Irish street-singer with a declamatory yet nuanced delivery of raw authenticity, who apparently learned it by listening at the door of a record shop to McCormack's account. Paul Drayton recalls some of the freedom of improvisatory ornamentation in his richly sonorous, finely-crafted arrangement.

Early one morning 13 is widely dispersed and was to become especially popular in schools but its first publication is considered to be in William Chappell's *National English Airs* (1840), the editor believing that the tune bore some relationship to 'a hornpipe that was formerly played at the theatres'. If its theme of the forsaken lover is the epitome of folksong, its polar opposite is relished in ***Dashing away with the smoothing iron*** 7, the beloved being admired on a daily basis as her chores haste to fruition. 'Prosper thou our laundry work', as Michael Flanders might have observed; indeed, Donald Swann admitted drawing heavily on the Somerset song in 1963 for *The Gasman Cometh,* subtitled 'A Ballad of Unending Domestic Upheaval'. The rich seam of parodied folksong continues to flourish, from Flanders & Swann's 'bonny army lorry' to Dudley Moore's wickedly hilarious lampooning of Britten's impeccable arrangements, references that were immediately recognisable in their time. Remarkably, this appears to be the first recording of the ingenious setting by John Byrt, written in 1971 for Andrew Parrott and the Schola Cantorum of Oxford.

If a varnish of respectability occasionally veils the earthier aspects of folksong, Ruairi Bowen's inebriated account (written at sea) of the hauling chanty, ***What shall we do with the drunken sailor?*** 16 goes some way to removing it. Off-beat entries, hiccups, and grindingly unstable tonalities (at one point in three keys simultaneously) threaten to scupper the catalogue of rough remedies: many examples are extant, countless others were doubtless improvised. Richard Terry's arrangement from 1919 included the tongue-twister, 'Tie him to the taff-rail when she's yard-arm under'.

In addressing the vexed questions of categories and classification, Steve Roud, one of the leading scholars in the field, has asserted that it is not the origin of folksong that defines it, but rather what the 'folk' do with it. Sharp was a pioneer but also a romantic, inclined to assumptions then current that melodies were of greater antiquity than they were; but while many are impossible to source with finality, the words are often more recent. *Londonderry Air*, set especially magnificently by Grainger, is now commonly referred to as ***Danny boy*** 6, thanks to the sentimental stanzas fitted to it c.1913 by Frederick Weatherly, who was also responsible for *Roses of Picardy* and *The Holy City.* Similarly, ***Down by the Salley gardens*** 5 was guaranteed immortality by the lines of W. B. Yeats (1889), a reconstruction of a half-remembered song he heard in Sligo, allied to the air *The Maids of Mourne Shore.* ***Suo gân*** 21 ('lullaby song') is of similar vintage, probably fashioned by Robert Bryan (1858–1920) to a melody first published at the end of the 18th century. It made a powerful contribution to Spielberg's 1987 film Empire of the Sun, with the treble James Rainbird as soloist. ***My sweetheart's like Venus*** 11 is the ninth of *Twelve Welsh Folksongs*, all with tunes conveyed to Holst in 1930 by a Mrs Herbert Jones of Gregynog, who assisted in the translations by Steuart Wilson. This is a brief, light and largely untroubled setting, simply yet meticulously harmonised. Finally, ***Hen wlad fy Nhadau*** 22 ('Land of my Fathers') was fashioned in 1856 by the harpist James James, to words by his son, Evan. It gradually ousted *God bless the Prince of Wales* in popularity, and is now regarded as the country's national anthem, regularly drawing its people together at the most prestigious events. Lambert, who considered it essential that music be viewed against its social background, would surely have approved, understanding the enduring power of the genre to address humanity's hopes and dreams, 'till the stars fall from the sky.'

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TEXTS

1 Dance to your daddy

Dance to your daddy,
My little laddie;
Dance to your daddy,
My little lamb;
You shall have a fishy,
On a little dishy;
You shall have a fishy,
When the boat comes in.

North-East England, arr. Timothy Byram-Wigfield

2 The last rose of summer

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter,
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Ireland (text by Thomas Moore), arr. Alexander L'Estrange

3 My love is like a red, red rose

My love is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June
O my love is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till all the seas gang dry.

Till all the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt with the sun
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only love,
And fare thee well a while,
And I will come again, my love,
Though 'twere ten thousand mile.

Scotland (text by Robert Burns), arr. Jim Clements

4 Bushes and briars

Through bushes and through briars
I lately took my way
All for to hear the small birds sing
And the lambs to skip and play.

I overhead my own true love
Her voice it was so clear
Long time I have been waiting for
The coming of my dear.

Sometimes I am uneasy
And troubled in my mind.
Sometimes I think I'll go to my love
And tell to him my mind.

And if I should go to my love, my love
He will say "nay"
If I show to him my boldness
He'll ne'er love me again.

England, arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams

5 Down by the Salley Gardens

Down by the Salley Gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the Salley Gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

Ireland (text by William Butler Yeats), arr. Tim Carleston

6 Danny boy

Oh Danny boy the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen and down the mountainside.
The summer's gone and all the roses falling
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow.
And I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy I love you so.

But when ye come and all the flowers are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
He'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and sing an "ave" there for me.

And I shall hear tho' soft you tread above me,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
And you will bend and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.

Ireland (text by Frederic Weatherly), arr. Alexander L'Estrange

7 Dashing away with the smoothing iron

'Twas on a Monday morning
That I beheld my darling,
She looked so neat and charming
In every high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble, O
A-washing of her linen, O
Dashing away with the smoothing iron
Dashing away with the smoothing iron
Dashing away with the smoothing iron
She stole my heart away.

'Twas on a Tuesday morning
That I beheld my darling,
She looked so neat and charming
In every high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble, O
A-hanging out her linen, O

'Twas on a Wednesday morning
That I beheld my darling,
She looked so neat and charming
In every high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble, O
A-starching of her linen, O

'Twas on a Thursday morning
That I beheld my darling,
She looked so neat and charming
In every high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble, O
A-ironing of her linen, O

'Twas on a Friday morning
That I beheld my darling,
She looked so neat and charming
In every high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble, O
A-folding of her linen, O

'Twas on a Saturday morning
That I beheld my darling,
She looked so neat and charming
In every high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble, O
A-airing of her linen, O

'Twas on a Sunday morning
That I beheld my darling,
She looked so neat and charming
In every high degree.
She looked so neat and nimble, O
A-wearing of her linen, O

Somerset, England, arr. John Byrt

8 The turtle dove

Fare you well, my dear, I must be gone,
And leave you for a while.
If I roam away I'll come back again,
Though I roam ten thousand miles, my dear,
Though I roam ten thousand miles.

As fair thou art, my bonny lass,
So deep in love am I.
But I never will prove false to the pretty girl I love,
Till the stars fall from the sky, my dear,
Till the stars fall from the sky.

The sea will never run dry, my dear,
Nor the rocks never melt with the sun,
But I never will prove false to the pretty girl I love,
Till all those things be done, my dear,
Till all those things be done.

O yonder doth sit that little turtle dove,
He doth sit on yonder high tree,
A-making a moan for the loss of his love,
As I will do for thee, my dear,
As I will do for thee.

England, arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams

9 The lark in the clear air

Dear thoughts are in my mind and my soul
soars enchanted,
As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air
of the day.
For a tender beaming smile to my hope has
been granted,
And tomorrow she shall hear all my fond
heart would say.

I shall tell her all my love, all my soul's adoration,
And I think she will hear me and will not say
me nay.
It is this that gives my soul all its joyous elation,
As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of
the day.

Ireland (text by Sir Samuel Ferguson), arr. Stephen Carleston

10 Raggle taggle gypsies

There were three gypsies a come to my door
And downstairs ran this lady, O!
And one sang high and another sang low
And the other sang bonny, bonny, Biscay, O!

Then she pulled off her silk finished gown
And put on hose of leather, O!
The ragged, ragged, rags about our door
She's gone with the raggle taggle gypsies, O!

It was late last night, when my lord came home
Enquiring of his a-lady, O!
The servants said, on every hand
She's gone with the gypsies, O!

O saddle to me my milk-white steed
Go and fetch me my pony, O!
That I may ride and seek my bride
Who is gone with the raggle taggle gypsies, O!

O he rode high and he rode low
He rode through woods and copses too
Until he came to an open field
And there he espied his a-lady, O!

What makes you leave your house and land?
What makes you leave your money, O?
What makes you leave your new wedded lord?
To go with the raggle taggle gypsies, O!

What care I for my house and land?
What care I for my money, O?
What care I for my new wedded lord?
I'm off with the raggle taggle gypsies, O!

Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
But to-night you'll sleep in a cold open field
Along with the raggle taggle gypsies, O!

What care I for my goose-feather bed?
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
For tonight I'll sleep in a cold open field
Along with the raggle taggle gypsies, O!

Scotland, arr. Daniel Brittain

11 My sweetheart's like Venus

My sweetheart's like Venus,
she's lovely and light,
She's fairer than blackthorn,
she's slim and she's white,
there's no one is like her,
from far or from near,
it's truth I am telling
for all men to hear.

Her form has the splendour
of straight-growing trees;
her hair like ripe corn
that is stirred in the breeze,
her eyebrows like gossamer
that hangs by the door;
if only she'd love me
I'd ask nothing more.

My sweetheart, she loves
like a shower of rain,
now clouded, now weeping,
now smiling again,
but she who loves many
is left without one,
a faithful, true lover
has one love alone.

Wales, arr. Gustav Holst

12 Annie Laurie

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
Where early falls the dew,
'Twas there that Annie Laurie
Gi'ed me her promise true.
Gi'ed me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest,
That e'er the sun shone on.
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on gowans lying,
Is the fall o' her fairy feet,
And like winds, in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's all the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Scotland (text based on a poem by William Douglas), arr. Ruairi Bowen

13 Early one morning

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid sing in the valley below,
"Oh don't deceive me, Oh never leave me,
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,
Remember the bower where you vowed to be true.

O gay is the garland, and fresh are the roses
I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow.
Thus sang the poor maiden, her sorrows bewailing,
Thus sang the poor maid in the valley below.

England, arr. Alexander L'Estrange

14 Brigg fair

It was on the fifth of August, er' the weather fine and fair,
Unto Brigg Fair I did repair, for love I was inclined.

I rose up with the lark in the morning, with my heart so full of glee,
Of thinking there to meet my dear, long time I'd wished to see.

I took hold of her lily-white hand, O and merrily was her heart:
"And now we're met together, I hope we ne'er shall part".

For it's meeting is a pleasure, and parting is a grief,
But an unconstant lover is worse than any thief.

The green leaves they shall wither and the branches they shall die
If ever I prove false to her, to the girl that loves me.

North Lincolnshire, England, arr. Percy Grainger

15 Scarborough fair

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Remember me to one who lives there,
She once was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Without a seam or fine needlework,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to find me an acre of land,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Between the salt water and the sea strand,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
And gather it all in a bunch of heather,
And she'll be a true love of mine.

North-East England, arr. Keith Roberts

16 What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning?

Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises,
Early in the morning.

Put him in the longboat till he's sober,
Put him in the longboat till he's sober,
Put him in the longboat till he's sober,
Early in the morning.

Pull out the plug and wet him all over,
Pull out the plug and wet him all over,
Pull out the plug and wet him all over,
Early in the morning.

Give him a taste of the bosun's rope-end,
Give him a taste of the bosun's rope-end,
Give him a taste of the bosun's rope-end,
Early in the morning.

Ireland/England, arr. Ruairi Bowen

17 My Lagan love

Where Lagan stream sings lullaby
There blows a lily fair.
The twilight gleaming in her eye,
The night is on her hair.
And like a lovesick lenanshee
She hath my heart in thrall.
No life have I, no liberty,
For love is Lord of all.

And often when the beetles horn
Has lulled the eve to sleep,
I steal unto her sheiling lorn
And through the dooring peep.
There on the cricket's singing stone,
She spares the bogwood fire
And hums in sad, sweet undertone,
The song of heart's desire.

Northern Donegal, Ireland, arr. Paul Drayton

18 Bobby Shaftoe

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe!

Bobby Shaftoe's tall and slim,
Always dressed so neat and trim,
All the lasses smile at him,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe!

Bobby Shaftoe's bright and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair;
He's my love for evermair,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe!

Ireland/North-East England, arr. Stephen Carleston

19 O waly waly

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er
And neither have I wings to fly,
Give me a boat that will carry two
And I shall row my love and I.

O, down in the meadow the other day,
A-gathering flowers both fine and gay,
A-gathering flowers both red and blue,
I little thought what love could do.

I leaned my back up against some oak
Thinking that it was a trusty tree,
But first he bent and then he broke,
And so did my false love to me.

A ship there is and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in,
I know not if I sink or swim.

Oh love is handsome and love is fine,
And love's a jewel when it is new,
But when it's old, it groweth cold,
And fades away like morning dew.

Scotland, arr. Richard Bannan

20 The water of Tyne

I cannot get to my love, if I would dee,
The water of Tyne runs between him and me;
And here I must stand with a tear in my e'e,
Both sighing and sickly my sweetheart to see.

O where is the boatman, my bonny hinny?
O where is the boatman? Bring him to me,
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,
And I will remember the boatman and thee.

O where is the boatman? I'll give any money,
And you for your trouble rewarded shall be,
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,
Or scull him across that rough river to me.
[The water is wide, I cannot get o'er
And neither have I wings to fly,
Give me a boat that will carry two
And both shall row, my love and I.]

North-East England, arr. Andrew Plant

21 Suo gân (Sleep my baby)

Sleep my baby on my bosom,
Warm and cosy will it be,
Round thee mother's arms are folding
In her heart a mother's love.

There shall no one come to harm thee,
Naught shall ever break thy rest.
Sleep my darling babe in quiet,
Sleep on mother's gentle breast.

Sleep serenely, baby, slumber
Lovely baby, gently sleep,
Tell me wherefore art thou smiling,
Smiling sweetly in thy sleep?

Do the angels smile in heaven
When thy happy smile they see?
Dost thou on them smile while slumbering
On my bosom peacefully.

Don't be frightened, 'tis a breeze
Brushing leaves against the door.
Do not dread the murmuring seas,
Lonely waves against the shore.

Sleep my child, there's nothing here,
While in slumber at my breast,
Angels smiling, have no fear,
Holy angels guard your door.

Wales, arr. Ruairi Bowen

22 Land of my fathers

Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn annwyl i mi,
Gwlad beirdd a chantorion, enwogion o fri;
Ei gwrol ryfelwyr, gwladgarwyr tra mâd,
Dros ryddid collasant eu gwaed.

Gwlad, Gwlad, pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad,
Tra môr yn fur i'r bur hoff bau,
O bydded i'r heniaith barhau.

Hen Gymru fynyddig, paradwys y bardd,
Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn, i'm golwg sydd hardd;
Trwy deimlad gwladgarol, mor swynol yw si
Ei nentydd, afonydd, i mi.

Os treisiodd y gelyn fy ngwlad dan ei droed,
Mae hen iaith y Cymry mor fyw ag erioed,
Ni luddiwyd yr awen gan erchyll law brad,
Na thelyn berseiniol fy ngwlad.

O land of my fathers, O land that I love,
Dear country of singers who waken and move,
Great soldiers and statesmen to fight for our good,
Our heroes for freedom shed blood.

Land, Land, no other can compare,
As long as the sea your fortress shall be,
My heart will always be there.

O land of great mountains, a bard's paradise,
Of gentle green valleys and cliffs to the skies,
Through country so charming, through
murmuring trees,
Flow heavenly rivers and seas.

For though the oppressor may ravage your realm,
The language of old he cannot overwhelm,
Nor hinder the poet, nor music betray,
The harp strings forever shall play.

Wales, arr. David Manners

The Queen's SIX

Countertenor: **Daniel Brittain**, **Tim Carleston**
Tenor: **Nicholas Madden**, **Dominic Bland**
Baritone/Bass: **Andrew Thompson**, **Simon Whiteley**

Based at Windsor Castle, the members of *The Queen's Six* make up half of the Lay Clerks of St George's Chapel, whose homes lie within the Castle walls. This rare privilege demands the highest musical standards, as they sing regularly for the Royal family at both private and state occasions. In 2018 this included the weddings of Princess Eugenie and Mr Jack Brooksbank, and Prince Harry and Ms Meghan Markle, both held in St George's Chapel. Most significantly however, it is the familiarity of living and singing together in Chapel every day that lends this group its distinctive closeness and blend, as well as an irresistible informality and charm.

Individually, members of *The Queen's Six* have appeared in many of the most prestigious vocal ensembles on the circuit, including The Tallis Scholars, Tenebrae, and The Sixteen. Their repertoire extends far beyond the reach of the choir stalls: from austere early chant, florid Renaissance polyphony, lewd madrigals and haunting folk songs to upbeat Jazz and Pop arrangements.

The Queen's Six tours internationally on a regular basis. 2019 saw their first performances in Slovenia, Croatia and Bermuda, and return trips to the USA (including New York City) and Germany (including Bayreuth).

For more information, please visit
www.thequeenssix.com or find us on
Facebook, Twitter and Instagram.

The Queen's Six would like to thank: Father Paul McLaren-Cook and Ascot Priory; Huw Griffith; Dr Andrew Plant.

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1	**Dance to your daddy**	arr. Timothy Byram-Wigfield	[2.10]
2	**The last rose of summer**	arr. Alexander L'Estrange	[3.57]
3	**Oh, my love is like a red, red rose**	arr. Jim Clements	[3.35]
4	**Bushes and briars**	arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams	[3.00]
5	**Down by the Salley Gardens**	arr. Tim Carleston	[3.29]
6	**Danny boy**	arr. Alexander L'Estrange	[3.45]
7	**Dashing away with the smoothing iron**	arr. John Byrt	[2.33]
8	**The turtle dove**	arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams	[3.16]
9	**The lark in the clear air**	arr. Stephen Carleston	[2.10]
10	**The raggle taggle gypsies**	arr. Daniel Brittain	[2.36]
11	**My sweetheart's like Venus**	arr. Gustav Holst	[1.56]
12	**Annie Laurie**	arr. Ruairi Bowen	[4.22]
13	**Early one morning**	arr. Alexander L'Estrange	[3.13]
14	**Brigg fair**	arr. Percy Grainger	[3.17]
15	**Scarborough fair**	arr. Keith Roberts	[3.17]
16	**What shall we do with the drunken sailor?**	arr. Ruairi Bowen	[1.55]
17	**My Lagan love**	arr. Paul Drayton	[3.49]
18	**Bobby Shaftoe**	arr. Stephen Carleston	[2.52]
19	**O waly waly**	arr. Richard Bannan	[3.23]
20	**The water of Tyne**	arr. Andrew Plant	[3.33]
21	**Suo gân**	arr. Ruairi Bowen	[5.06]
22	**Land of my fathers**	arr. David Manners	[5.36]

Total timings: [72.50]

The Queen's SIX

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